Nº. XII. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1803.

POLITICS.

NO official communication has yet been made to the public, to remove the uncertainty in which the grand question of Peace and War has been for some time involved; the bustle, however, of warlike preparation in our ports, the embodying of the militia, and the promptness with which dispatches have been transmitted to our foreign settlements, speak a language which cannot be misunderstood. They demonstrate, that however desirous ministers may be to preserve a peace which is the work of their own hands, they will not suffer the dignity of the country to be compromised, or its representative insulted, with impunity. The petulant and insulting behaviour of the Corsican to our Ambassador seems to be well authenticated, and every Briton should feel it, as if personally offered to himself. Let Bonaparte exercise what despotism he pleases upon the envoys of his own menial republics, or of

the powerless courts of Stockholm and Lisbon; but let him not forget that *Old England is Old England still*, and that one country exists, able and determined to interrupt his progress in despotism and insult. He was taught to fear the country in a state of war; he must now be taught to respect it in a state of peace.

If at such a momentous period it were allowed us to indulge any emotions of pleasantry, the bustle and eagerness which pervade all ranks of people, might afford matter for amusing speculation. Our coffee houses are overcharged with politicians, of whom not a tenth part can be occupied with the papers of the day, while the remainder are gathered in small groups by the fire-side, offering various plans for the good of their country. The theatres experience a nightly overflow, the great majority of which are totally heedless of the "*cunning of the scene*," but catch with avidity, and echo with applause, the slightest semblance of political allusion. The members of our volunteer corps already reassume their martial air; and though to the strict eye of the regular, who looks only to the exterior, their irregularity of height, and trifling deficiencies in military etiquette, may be somewhat displeasing, yet the philosophic warrior, who is aware how much military

exertions depend on mental energy and unanimity, will contemplate these loyal and patriotic bodies with more pleasure and confidence than the best trained hirelings of military despotism.

But the public attention is more particularly directed to that which forms, in an especial manner, the pride and security of these united kingdoms. The nation views with satisfaction our several posts of trust and confidence again filled by those gallant naval officers, whose former exploits are a sufficient pledge of their future exertions for the welfare of Great-Britain, and the discomfiture of her enemies. The impress of seamen continues with unexampled activity and success; although, from the numbers who have voluntarily enrolled themselves at the call of their country, it may be conjectured that the public spirit of our sailors, if left to itself, might supersede the necessity of coercive measures. As, however, it is a practice sanctioned by law and custom, and does not appear to us to have been exercised in the present instance with any unusual or undue severity; we cannot refrain from animadverting in strong terms on the insidious cant of certain disaffected journals, which, in a style of whining condolence, affect to lament the hard fate of our brave tars, again torn from their lately

acquired domestic comforts. For the relief, however, of these overweening sentimentalists, we beg to remind them, that the objects of their misapplied sympathy are the last persons to approve it.

> "The tyrant Custom
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> Their thrice driv'n bed of down."

We may therefore safely leave them to the hardships of a profession to which they have been born and bred.

Amid these hostile preparations, fancy can hardly forbear to contemplate the emotions which they are calculated to excite in the mind of the Chief Consul. Could the suggestion of Momus be carried into effect, and a window placed in the bosom of this upstart favourite of fortune, what a scene of varied emotions would be displayed! Rage, however, at finding his insidious plans for undermining the prosperity of this country detected and foiled, would doubtless predominate. But however rooted and rancorous his animosity against these realms may be, it may be doubted whether policy, and the natural craftiness of his character, will not reduce him for the present to aim at appeasing the general indignation his late conduct has excited; and thus, either avert hostile measures to a more favourable period, or throw the

odium of their renewal upon this Government. Ministers, however, we trust, will be able to counteract his measures, whether they assume the form of secret negociation or open warfare, and to their hands we cheerfully commit the honour and welfare of the country.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Much has been said on the subject of Sunday concerts and Sunday dinners, with an insinuation that thence arises the profligacy of public manners; but surely no assertion can be more unfounded. It is not in the attention which the mind must pay to the combinations of harmony, that it has leisure to plan schemes of seduction; on the contrary, a plaintive sound may teach the soul of the seducer to spare the victim his moments of idleness had marked. There is no species of amusement where the *mind* is more employed, and withdrawn into itself, than in attending to the strains of musical composition: and whether it be an airy concerto, or a sublime fugue, the soul alone is engaged, enlivened, and amended. So far then from Sunday concerts being detrimental to the principles of religion, they appear to me entirely contrary, and the most elegant and best adapted amuse-

ment after the services of the day. I would even go farther, and propose that they should be publicly established; for whatever can bend the passions, must amend the morals of man.

Sunday dinners are in themselves not only innocent, but the cement of friendship; and though perhaps extended to too great a profusion, yet comparing the affluence of high life, with the poverty of low life, the latter exhibits more than equal extravagance; for into what street of the metropolis shall we enter, without finding parties of friends assembled; and very frequently the mechanic will have served to his table the wages of half the week.

The most flagrant breach of manners originates in the various public tea-gardens round the metropolis, where youth of both sexes first sip the cup of licentiousness, and the profligate mingles with the family of the sober citizen. It may not be consistent with the freedom of our country to suppress those places where the mechanic and the tradesman may relax, with their families, from the toils of the week. But some restriction should be laid upon the quality of the entertainment; and it might not be amiss totally to prohibit the use of spirituous liquors; these are dreadfully pernicious to the animal

economy, and much more conducive to dissipation than a concerto of Haydn's.

Recreation is as natural to the body, as relaxation to the mind. At a trifling *public* expence, two or three large gardens might be planted, to suit the convenience of the town; these gardens, like those of Kensington, should be open to the public, *but open to all*, excepting only mendicants, and those women who are a disgrace to their sex, and to the public theatres. Emulation would inspire the lower with a wish to appear at least clean and decent; the example of the grave and prudent would repress levity, and an outrage in behaviour should become a civil crime. There might also be a large room, with the accommodation of tea, and other simple refreshments, which would invite all the moral part of this vast society, to the enjoyment of more rational recreation than is found in the tavern or tea-garden.

France supports public exhibitions, to influence the politics of her people on the sabbath-day; and surely the manners of our citizens should to us be equally important. The utility of such an institution is greater than I can explain within the limits of this essay, though liable perhaps to objections; and I shall conclude with ardently hoping, that though this project may never proceed be-

yond your paper, another of far more importance, and of more easy execution, may be established: which is, appointing churches to evening service, upon the same plan as that excellent establishment the Foundling Hospital, which is at once the cheapest and most elegant place of rational worship in the metropolis. Two persons are there admitted for the small sum of sixpence; the seats are arranged for public convenience and sociality; the service is solemn and expressive; the sermon is at once instructive, interesting, and convictive; and the mind is both gratified and charmed by the well-chosen and well-executed hymns and anthems, while the prospect to the eye is no less gratifying. Where again does this great city afford such a picture; and why does not every church, in the long evenings of winter, display the same?

G. W.

THE THEATRE.

On Tuesday night was represented at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time, a "Monodrame," intituled "The Captive;" the production, if report may be believed, of a gentleman who has obliged the public more than once with "tales of wonder," of a simi-

lar tendency. To enter into an analysis of the plot or fable of a piece that contained but one scene, and lived but one night, would be irksome to ourselves, and unprofitable to our readers. It is sufficient to observe, that madness, a subject of all others to be handled by the dramatist in the lightest and most delicate manner, was upon this occasion exhibited in its most terrific and degrading stages. The audience, by their marked and universal disapprobation, testified an opinion, in which we believe our readers will fully concur, that a writer, whose taste and feelings were so perverted, as to lead him to dramatize Bedlam and St. Luke's, must be a fit candidate for admission into one of these institutions.

We are anticipated in what more we had to say upon this subject, by receiving from a correspondent the following

MONODY.

Oh, offspring fatal to thy parent's brain!
Twice art thou doom'd to prove thy sire insane.
Mad all must own, when first he gave thee breath,
And mad, no doubt, to view thy sudden death.
Had but the audience caught this madness too,
They might have prais'd the scenes thy author drew;
But of their common sense not quite bereft,
They exercis'd what judgment still was left—
The women shriek'd—the pit with critics cramm'd,
Hiss'd, groan'd, and laugh'd—till Monodrame was damn'd!

THE INNOVATOR.

Iners sterili semine gratus erat. *Catul.*

Alsiosus was possessed of a large estate, which his long minority had perfectly cleared of the immense incumbrances with which it had been burthened by his father and grandfather. He had been brought up mostly in the country, under the care of Stultilla, a foolish over-fond mother; who, though it was her sole ambition to behold her son high in fashionable consideration, thought it prudent (she knew not why) that he should not be introduced too early into the world. She had been accustomed to hear the old courtiers, among whom her acquaintance chiefly lay, often lament the vices and follies which young men launched into, in consequence of their being suffered to go their way so long before they were of age. Stultilla neither knew what these follies and vices were, nor how the attainment of the twenty-first year was to guard against them; but she had heard it so asserted among those she looked up to, and therefore was determined to give them an idea of her prudence and maternal care.

Upon this plan Alsiosus passed the first years of his life in rural indolence and ignorance. Stultilla had by chance perceived that a know-

ledge of the French and Italian languages was an accomplishment very desirable to a young beau, and she therefore kept a French Abbé constantly resident in the house to instruct Alsiosus. But the various excuses invented by his mother for missing lessons, and his own carelessness and inattention when present at them, totally prevented any progress in either language. She had heard the old courtiers above-mentioned often urge the benefits that a school education conferred on young men For, as old Proverbius repeatedly asserted, "Money spent in schooling is never thrown away: if the boy becomes a scholar it is returned three-fold; and even if he remains an ignorant dunce, it is amply repaid by the circle of friends and acquaintance that he acquires, and if he chuses, may preserve through life."

Stultilla, from this opinion, had a kind of ignorant reverence for a scholar; but as she never could separate the idea of learning from a rusty coat, grizzle wig, and aukward gait, she by no means wished her son to be one. At the same time, the advantages set forth by Proverbius, who was at it were a Mentor to Stultilla, were not to be lost. But the distance of the public schools, and the dangerous games reported to be in use at them, made her shudder at the thoughts of trusting her son so far away amid such perils; and

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therefore, at ten years old, he was sent to a clergyman who lived nine miles from his own house, and undertook the care of six young gentlemen only. He was to dine always with the mistress, and have a fencing, drawing, dancing, and violin master, regularly three times a week.

To this place, under such governance, was he sent in obedience to Proverbius, with the sure prospect of making a great many valuable acquaintances, and the chance of becoming a scholar. His fond mother however never could obtain fortitude enough to part with him till half the term of the schools being open was elapsed; and during the short space he remained, her reiterated visits to him, and his frequent excursions home for a day or two, kept him nearly in total ignorance of every science he was placed there to learn, When the fencing master arrived, his mamma was come to see him; when the dancing master came, the fencing master was beginning his lesson. Thus, as when colours run into one another the beauty of every one is spoiled, the labours of all the teachers being confounded with each other rendered them all useless. " Oh but," said Sultilla, " what sig-signifies missing one lesson to-day, that will easily be made up the next time; only for God's sake let him have his meals in comfort

and quiet; and upon no account wake him too early in the morning." Thus was his education conducted, he had no occasion ever to think for himself, or oppose the thoughts of others. Every thing his mother, or those about him proposed, was sure to be so agreeable, that he learned nothing but acquiescence; and almost his only answer was, "I have no objection."

He was now arrived at the age to which his mother had always anxiously looked forward as the commencement of his gay career. He was accordingly taken to town immediately, and every preparation made for his appearing with the greatest eclat. Stultilla reckoned that any residence at the University (which Proverbius had never mentioned) would be useless if not prejudicial to her son, as he would learn nothing that would forward him in fashionable society, and would, most likely, become acquainted with the vulgar amusements of drinking, smoaking, and others which had better be guessed by my readers than named by me. He was therefore at once let loose into every kind of fashionable folly and genteel dissipation.

The name of the young and wealthy Alsiosus immediately drew legions of followers: young and old contended for the honour of his acquaintace, and a share of the splendid

hospitality he was expected to diffuse: poor fools beheld with awe the talents of a man who had fifty thousand a year: rich fools rejoiced to find a perfectly suitable companion: wealthy ladies sought his acquaintance, that his presence might dignify their entertainments: ladies of moderate fortune sought it, that their presence might grace his. Thus he was observed and courted by all. Even the literati, from the reports of Stultilla's care, and the excellent education she had given Alsiosus, at first were anxious to converse with him. From the first interview, where they generally heard only a list of what he had studied, they returned not dissatisfied. From the second, where they discussed his various acquirements, they uniformly returned, wondering how a young man who had learned every thing should know nothing. However, the paucity of learned acquaintance was amply made up for, by the attention with which he was treated by all fashionables. By young men in general he was not very closely followed, but had always two or three invitations on his hands, to dinners, balls, suppers, or family parties. His constant compliance and even current of temper procured him admission every where as a good-humoured gentleman-like young man. If any body objected to his ignorance, the answer was,

" what is the use of learning to a man of such fortune?" If he was called dull and uncommunicative, that shewed his sense; for there is nothing so disagreeable in the world as an eternal talker. If his recommendations to society altogether were called in question, " he is very handsome and does no harm."

Alsiosus, with his limited conception, could but only observe the particular predilection that all ladies with families entertained for him. Where there was one daughter in a house, he was invited to every entertainment; where there were two, entertainments were given expressly for him; where three or more, he was desired to consider the house his own. Alsiosus did not perceive any reason for this, till one day Lupaurea, a lady who had three daughters married, and two in a single state, watching her opportunity when alone with Alsiosus, astounded him, by asking which of her daughters he meant to marry. Alsiosus, though rather surprised, declared, with his unsual unconcern, " that he as yet had no intention of taking a wife at all, but if he should happen to marrry, he had no objection to either of her daughters."

Lupaurea did not give him a moment's respite, but instantly backed up her first demand with a long harangue, about the reports of his marriage to one of her daughters, the scandal and detriment to both their charac-

ters that would ensue if he forsook them; recounted, perhaps with some exaggerations, her eldest daughter's beauty and accomplishments, and summed up the whole with an assurance of her ardent affection for him.

Alsiosus could not withstand a proposal so enforced, more particularly as he saw no objection to it. As a good many people married he saw no harm in his doing so too, and he liked nobody better than Lupaurea's eldest daughter, Rufilla. He therefore agreed to the match, provided his mother had no objection. Lupaurea did not let the business cool, but instantly flew to Stultila, with assurances and rapturous assertions of the fervent affection Alsiosus entertained towards her daughter. Before Stultilla could be undeceived, she spread the report of the marriage over the whole town. Wherever Alsiosus went he was either openly congratulated on his marriage, or received with a sly joke, or inuendo upon his attachment. In short, Alsiosus in a little time was persuaded that he was in love with Rufilla.

Stultilla, though she did not quite approve the match, which brought her son no fortune, would not thwart her darling's wishes, and Alsiosus, in about a month, was married, merely becauſe he had no objection to his wife.

[To be continued.]

LETTER VI.

Sir,

In all ages, my principal connections have been among the learned. Without my aid, few philosophers would have been able to establish their empire over the reason of an admiring world: without my inspiration, few poets would have soared to those heights of sublimity, which unassisted common sense could never have reached. I am sorry to rob any man of his reputation; but I cannot, in justice to myself, forbear to assert my claim to the original invention of all those ingenious systems of philosophy, so incompatible as well with themselves as with each other, which the celebrated founders of innumerable sects have promulgated among mankind.

Of these, one of the first in rank, and certainly not the lowest in my favour, was the renowned Pythagoras, to whom I suggested the utility of mystery for the propagation of imposture. No founder of a sect ever made a better use of this than he did; and none, perhaps, ever was more successful in establishing his credit. I instructed him in all the arcana of the metempsychosis, taught him the mystic properties of numbers, and endowed him with the faculty of persuading his disciples against the evidence of their senses. While they believed

him shut up, alone and solitary, in his darksome cave, without food or company, I paid him many a visit, and communicated to him all the knowledge which I had been able to acquire in my various excursions. The cave of Trophonius was another of my performances; and though I cannot with truth arrogate to myself the invention of oracles, I can safely assert, that many of their most celebrated responses were fabricated by me. Nothing afforded me greater amusement, than to send back royal ambassadors with puzzling riddles and enigmas, which bore a double sense, and might be interpreted in any manner the interested parties pleased. There are many of them recorded with all the pomp of history; but perhaps among them all there is not one which produced a greater effect than the famous answer given to Crœsus from the Delphic shrine, when he paid a fee, amounting to a king's ransom, in order to have it ascertained whether his power was likely to be durable.—It was, you know, "when a mule shall hold the Medean sceptre, fly, Crœsus, as fast as you can, to Hermus." He, conceiving this to be impossible, staid where he was, and lost his crown. These, however, were only occasional, or, as I may term them, holiday amusements; oracles being extremely costly, and by no means suiting the purses of the

generality: whereas philosophy, modified and dressed up in a variety of ways, calculated for the different tastes of those to whom it was served up, was a food which every one likes, and which came cheaply enough into the market for every one's purchase. To philosophy, therefore, and philosophers, I gave up a great portion of my time. Conversant as you are with their writings, I need hardly mention to you the visions of Plato, the subtleties of Aristole, or the ingenious projects of Diogenes. These, and many more, you must often have admired, and I know that you have sometimes expressed your astonishment, how such strange unfounded fancies could ever pass for philosophy.

I have now explained the matter to you, and I dare say you are no longer surprized. The ancient Sages, indeed, generally thought themselves highly honoured by my visits, and rejoiced to secure my friendship, by acceding to the only condition I proposed; that of observing an inviolable secret on the subject, since I did not chuse to be known to the vulgar. I recollect to have met with but one among them, who occasioned me any disappointment. Having heard of the rising talents and fame of Socrates, I appeared to him at the close of a night, in which he had out-watched the bear in solitary meditation;

and, accosting him in an amicable manner, I would gladly, as an earnest of my future services, have negociated a reconciliation between him and his adversaries the Sophists, all of whom were my firm friends; but his obstinacy on that point, obliged me to relinquish all hopes of ever obtaining any influence over him. I therefore vanished from his view, without having vouchsafed to disclose to him either my name or nature, and left him much purplexed in his conjectures respecting so extraordinary a visitor. At length, after much reflection, he concluded that I must have been his *tutelary genius*; and it is no small satisfaction to me, in the sequel, to find, that if I had failed in my endeavours to make him mad, I had at least greatly assisted those of his enemies in representing him as such to the world, as well as contributed to lighten the brains of many who gravely attempted to account reasonably for so unnatural a phenomenon.

Your assured friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF STERNE.

Coxwould, near Easingwould,
August 19, 1766.

My dear Sir,

Your very kind and flattering letter ha lain upon my study table for a fornight, i

company with several other epistles, which contributed to enliven my return to my parsonage.—It was somewhat like finding a company of my best friends ready to welcome me home—it had at least that effect upon me, and turned my humble supper into a sumptuous banquet. Such are the sweet delusions that help us along the rugged path of life; and while they beguile our sorrows, call forth, quicken, and elevate the better dispostions of our nature; in short, (and what higher eulogium can be given of any thing external or interval in our state and condition) *they improve the heart.*

I went to Crazy Castle for one week, and staid three, which is the excuse I have to plead for not having acknowledged your kind communications to me: they are as I expected —but no matter—we will talk of them when we meet, which will be in the latter end of October, or the first week of the following month, when I shall pass through London, in my way to the South of France. I have not the least fear of that scurvy scare-crow death, during summer, even in the North of of England: but, alas, I must change my ground for a winter's campaign: so that before the fogs set in, I shall clatter away to a more southern clime, where he will not have the courage to follow me. Were I to venture

on a winter here, I should never, my friend, see another spring in this world, and all my vagaries would be at rest.

We have been as usual at Crazy, in high spirits, and full enjoyment of all the pleasantry and wit, classical and social, which the lord of the castle has the power, and which is a still better thing, the wish to communicate to all around him.

Full oft, full many a grieving heart
To Crazy Castle doth repair,
Which goes there dragging like a cart,
But leaves it bouncing like a one-horse chair.

I had, however, other things to do, and I am returned home to do them; and if, when they are done, they should prove to your mind, and that of a few others, whose good opinion I most cordially cherish—I shall leave the world to praise or blame me according to its own good pleasure.—I have indeed been sometimes mistreated by it, of which I have a right to complain; because it has been my constant endeavour, in all my writings, to keep it in good humour, not with me, but with itself. Complaint, however, as you well know, is not after my fashion; and I rather prefer to laugh at those things which make some poor souls weep, and look grave for days, weeks, and months together.—It is true that I can look grave in my turn; but not at

what dull, phlegmatic, snarling, silly, prudish people may say or think of me.—While I possess such a friend as you, and a few more whom I could name, it would be base and cowardly in the extreme, to be hurt at the paltry peltings of those who neither know nor understand me.—God knows, I bear them no ill will; on the contrary, I wish them to have more knowledge, and a better understanding, which is, I think, a sufficient proof of my very kind disposition towards them.

So heaven bless you, my good friend, and continue your kind disposition towards

Your most obliged
and affectionate
L. STERNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Take care, Mr. Pic Nic—be cautious, my hearty,
You say or do nothing to hurt Bonaparté;
If you couple his name with a Brutus, or dagger,
Egad! 'tis a crime that will make a man stagger.
For poor Peltier,
Who did it in play,
Had the Counsel, the Lawyer, and Devil to pay.
And if he is confin'd for his innocent story, Ah!
What will become of the Phantasmagoria,
Where mid thunder and lightning,
And all that is fright'ning,
They not only force him to stick to his post,
But cut off his head, and then shew you his ghost?

ZITELLA ABANDONATA.

Imitated from the Italian.

Poor Sylvia, lost forsaken maid,
By faithless vows seduc'd to shame,
At ev'ning sought the lonely glade,
And there bewept her tainted fame:
O'er the cold brook she hung her pensive head,
In sorrows lovely, and thus sighing said:—

"Deep dreary vale, whose waters glide,
Embrown'd in ever-during shade,
Here let your dark recesses hide
The sorrows of a wretch betray'd—
Betray'd by one whom every tie endear'd,
One lov'd with rapture, and with truth rever'd!

"Too weak, alas! did virtue prove,
'Gainst charms still destin'd to prevail:
My heart resign'd its all to love—
'Twas innocent, but yet 'twas frail.
O could my tongue the dire event conceal,
Which time itself now hastens to reveal!

"Fond parents, once my dear delight,
Whom still I've found benign and good;
Your looks, tho' mild, now blast my sight,
Your words, tho' gentle, freeze my blood:
For Ah! what mis'ries must your daughter dread
When soon your curses light upon her head!

"Terror and grief to madness rise,
Despair life's gloomy prospect fills,
Dire phantoms flit before my eyes,
And yet no conscious horror thrills.
No horror thrills, e'en when my guilty mind
Broods o'er a deed that frights all human kind!

"Come then, and take my parting breath,
Avenging ministers of heav'n;
Here let me sleep the sleep of death,
While yet my sins may be forgiv'n:
Crush my foul thoughts, whilst immatur'd by time,
And let my frailty be my only crime."

THE LOVE WANDERER.

Oh, retard me not, father! but far let me roam,
Let me toil on some dreary unciviliz'd shore,
Where oblivion shall shroud the past pleasures of home,
And no object remind me of Frederick more.

Oh! full dear is the mother, my childhood that fed,
And my brothers that round us so artlessly play;
Full dear are ye all;—But since Frederick is dead,
The content of your cottage my tears chase away.

Do not hope that these tear-drops will e'er cease to flow,
Until far from my country and home I'm remov'd:
Here each spot that I stray to, each friend that I know,
Still calls to remembrance the youth that I lov'd.

Even now, as my eyes on your visage repose,
I lament o'er that moment, that moment of bliss!
When you smil'd at the suit of the youth I had chose,
And he claim'd me as bride with a rapturous kiss.

From yon window at eve oft I caroll'd the song
That would greet him as hither he ran o'er the plains;
From yon window I saw him borne dying along,
And now see the church-yard that holds his remains.

Oh my father! remember his agoniz'd form,
And the gash that the bull's horn had rent in his side.
At such sports now no longor the villagers swarm,
But lament for the youth, and record how he died.

Oh! I saw his soul's hope in his uplifted eye;
It despis'd the keen pangs that afflicted life's wane,
When his tortures almost made him anxious to die,
He smil'd lest my fondness should feel for his pain.

When he died—O ye great! your own actions firsr scan;
Then hear the pure words that he spake at his end—
"Thro' my short course of life I have never harm'd man;
"I have ne'er known an enemy, always a friend."

But Oh! let me forget him—far, far, let me roam!
Let me toil on some dreary unciviliz'd shore,
Where oblivion shall shroud the past pleasure of home,
And no object remind me of Frederick more.

When on Chili's bleak hills, or on Africa's sands,
No verdure-clad spot will call home to my mind;
Nor amid the grim savages' barbarous bands
Shall I any resemblance of Frederick find.

Then blest be this spot! blest my kindred and friends!
Long, long, may they sport in life's happiest ray!
Here all that I love, all I reverence, wends,
But from all that I love fate has torn me away.

But chance should time mellow the griefs that I bear,
Compos'd in despair's still and firm settled gloom;
Should my mind, now wild raging, be tranquil for pray'r,
I'll return, and die praying at Frederick's tomb.

R. M

MOLLY's RESOLVE.

Ned says you're fair, I say you're brown—
He says you smile, I say you frown—
Now prithee, which is right?
To suit my answer to your mind,
If true it is that love is blind,
Ye both have lost your sight.

For if on Ned I chance to smile,
You sicken and turn pale the while,
And think I frown on you:
Or when he calls me Molly fair,
I black or brown to you appear,
Or any but the true.

But if you wish my mind to know,
And which the fav rite, Ned or you,
I'll e'en no longer jest,
Ned has his charms, and so have you,
But as I cannot marry two,
First love, they say is best.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I am a very speculating man, and am disposed to believe that the following extraordinary dream might proceed from one or other of the various speculations which employ and sometimes agitate my waking hours. To say the truth, it forms a kind of allegory, which I can apply to several of those schemes wherein I have engaged for the advantage of others, and which have terminated in the loss of

Your very humble servant,
SAMUEL DUPE.

I dreamed that I had formed a plan to establish a bank, where, as in other institutions of a similar nature, all the advantage was to arise from a paper circulation, but of a very

different kind, as to its nature, appearance, and operation, from those transparent symbols of wealth which are objects of such general research, and produce the most powerful effects in every part of the kingdom, and on all ranks and conditions of men. As the object of these is generally material and sensual, I thought that my currency was, on the contrary, to be altogether spiritual and intellectual. The one being calculated, according to their varying characters, to purchase whatever a man may want, from the most vulgar article of appetite, to the proudest object of ambition; while the other was intended to furnish the intellect with every species of amusement and instruction, which it may fancy or require; from a small strip of paper, containing four or six lines, to a considerable volume; and which was to be given in exchange, according to a certain well-contrived tariff, for the more vulgar, negociable paper I have just mentioned.

In short, the grand design of my dream was to establish a Literary Bank; and having engaged with several gentlemen of superior talents and various knowledge, who were as willing as they were qualified, to bring into the concern such portions of understanding and learning as would form an ample capital, I proceeded, as I thought, to make the ne-

cessary preparations for this new and useful undertaking.

For this purpose, as it appeared to me, I had taken a large house in the Adelphi, and had fitted it up with every necessary as well as appropriate convenience, for the accommodation of myself, my partners, and numerous copyists. I had even gone so far as to distinguish each department with proper symbols and notifications, so that there might be no hesitation or confusion among the concourse of people, who were expected to be our customers.

The Epic, Pindaric, and Tragic writers had their places near the ceiling, while those whose genius did not soar above dedications and adulatory addresses, were provided with a carpet on the floor. The composer of love productions was accommodated with a sofa; while the moralists, essayists, and politicians sat at desks of an ordinary form and height. The elegiac bard was placed in a little niche, hung with black; and the table of the satyrist was formed of a grindstone; the speech-maker sat under a sounding-board; while the epigrammatist was not to be stationary, but take the corner of any table that happened to be next to him, when application was made for the produce of his pen.

Such being the plan, I thought every thing

was settled; that the partners were all assembled, and prepared to transact business; in short, that the bank was opened.

The first person that appeared was a little vulgar looking man, who came for a dedication of a spelling-book to one of the Aldermen of London; when, on looking around me, to direct him where to apply, I perceived that every person in the office had suddenly sunk into a deep sleep, except the epigrammatist, who endeavoured to console me with the observation, that I had more sleeping partners than any house in London. I thought, however, as associates of this description must prove my ruin, that it became me to employ every means in my power to awaken them.

I began with my political partner, and I hoped to rouse him, by holding Cobbet's Weekly Journal under his nose; but, after foaming a little at the mouth, and uttering certain incoherent expressions about liberty, the majesty of the people, and the Middlesex election, he sunk again into an irrecoverable stupefaction. To the rest I applied the Galvanic fluid, but with as little success. The epic gentleman just opened his eyes, and having asked an odd question or two about Homer, closed them again, as it appeared, for ever. The Pindaric scribe, after a few irre-

gular starts, fell upon the floor; while the tragic composer roared for a minute, very like a bull, and then resumed his torpid situation. Galvanism had not the least effect on the essayists and moralists; they did not move a muscle; and the speech-writer only moved his tongue, but without the least articulation; while it had a very unexpected effect on the elegiac poet, by making him burst into a loud, but short-liv'd fit of laughter. The fabricator of dedications repeated with a very rapid, but imperfect articulation, "Your most devoted humble servant," three times, and resumed his motionless position. Of the love poet, I had some hopes, for he breathed several long sighs, shed a flood of tears, and laid his right hand upon his heart; but after some interrupted expressions about Amaryllis, flowing tresses, snowy bosoms, and myrtle groves, he grasped one of the cushions of the sofa with somewhat of an hysteric violence, and then sunk into his former insensibility. At this moment, I perceived that the epigrammatist had fallen asleep, by the fire-side;—I also began to feel myself irresistibly oppressed by the same torpid influence, and had actually sunk into a chair; when, at the moment that I dreamed of closing my eyes in sleep—I awoke!

MR. EDITOR,

An intimate friend of mine, a man of prodigious wit, and who has a great concern in one of the winter theatres, has, for some time past, been constantly dinning in my ears an account of this new publication of your's; and from what I have gathered, in our repeated conversations on the subject, you intend it shall have the effect of reviving what is called a taste for learning in the higher circles. What in the name of wonder has the fashionable world been guilty of, that you should endeavour to introduce such an intolerable plague among us? Has not this generation slumbered away these many years in a most delicious state of apathy? Have our brains been ever put to a greater exertion than that of reading a paragraph of a morning paper, or of choosing a pattern for an underwaistcoat, &c.?

What hope then can you have of success in such a ridiculous project? You cannot but see how much I and my friends are interested to oppose you; and my theatrical acquaintance has represented to us so strongly the incredible fatigue we should be obliged to endure, were your plan to be adopted, that it absolutely alarms us. He tells us also, that

the appellation of a man of high fashion would not then depend as it does now (and which I think it ought always to to do), on his curricles, his hunters, his celebrity on the turf, his belonging to the gaming clubs, his summer excursions to watering places, or his winter ones to Leicestershire; not on that dear jargon of bon ton, which we acquire from our infancy; or, what is still more surprising to relate, it would not depend on that inimitable nonchalance, that inattention towards the company one is in, that the young men of fashion so eminently excel in! No, Sir, he declares that instead of what I have mentioned, we should be obliged, in order to be distinguished from the swinish multitude, to furnish our brains with the absurd trash of Milton, Locke, Pope, and many others, whom I recollect to have heard my old grandfather speak of, but of whose works I never read a single line. Consider, Sir, I am near forty years of age, and that I have, ever since I was fifteen, been endeavouring to form my voice to that languid lisp, in which it is necessary for every man of intrigue to pour soft nothings into the ear of the fair one, whom he is endeavouring to persuade to give up to him what she is already pre-determined to surrender. How then shall I ever be able to bellow forth those tones that are fit for read-

ing blank verse, such as I have heard at the Theatres, for I do now and then condescend to visit those places, when I can get into a private box; for you must know it is impossible to go into any other—nobody does. Indeed, my good friend, you must, in pity to us, forego this gothic plan of your's; for if you succeed, all our consequence will be totally annihilated, and we shall be considered with contempt by people whom nobody knows. Take my advice, and instead of filling your pages with philosophy, critiques, and belles lettres, convert part of your pages into a racing calendar, fill others with the account of a long fox chace, and in the rest croud fashionable anecdotes, lists of elopements, and crim. con. trials, with all the et ceteras of high life.

I shall be,
Your friend or not,
As you may deserve,
CHARLES VAPID.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Filial obedience, which is justly considered the duty of both sexes, is peculiarly amiable in females. When I therefore inform you, that I feel within myself an insurmountable

repugnance to complying with a parent's wishes, I fear that I shall receive at your hands reproof instead of encouragement. Let me then hasten to state the reasons upon which my opposition is founded.

My father, who was an officer in the army, died when I was in my infancy, leaving myself and a younger brother to the care of my mother, with a fortune which, however inadequate to procure the luxuries, was fully equal to obtaining the necessaries of life. My brother, when of a proper age, was, by by the kindness of a distant relation, promoted to a situation in India, leaving me the sole remaining object of my mother's affections, who now removed to a small house in the neighbourhood of London. How did my bosom swell with gratitude for her kindness and affection! She placed me, to her great pecuniary inconvenience, at one of the most expensive female seminaries in town, where she called herself twice every week, to superintend my personal improvements. It is impossible to express her zeal, in mentioning to every body the nice discernment I displayed, in changing the step, in the midst of a reel, from Scotch to Irish. On a public day, she never failed to bring a large party of friends,to enjoythepantomimic representations which are customary upon those occasions.

Feeling as I did the impropriety of my mother's exclusive regard to personal attractions, I yet imputed it all to her fondness for me, and was pleasing myself by anticipating the returns that filial attention would hereafter enable me to make on my coming home; when to my confusion and sorrow, I received the following letter from my mother:

"DEAR LAURA,

"You are now arrived at an age to make some return for my kindness. Your brother writes to me from Bengal, that if you go out to him, your fortune is made. Sally Sharp, who you know embarked under every disadvantage, as she squinted, and was marked with the small-pox, has married a nabob, and has *bargained* to come home for her health, once every four years. I have half ruined myself in your education and outfit; and hope you will requite my goodness, by *getting off* immediately.

Your affectionate mother.

N. B. The ship sails in a month, and I have ordered your clothes to be made in the most elegant style."

I had scarce strength to read this cruel epistle, before I fainted, and was conveyed senseless to my apartment. My governess found me in this situation, and scolded me

for my affectation, wondering for her part, *what the girl would have.* My school-fellows envy me. My mother treats my scruples with anger and contempt; and I have nobody, Sir, to apply to but you.

Let me then conjure you to admit this letter into your paper (which my mother reads), and when she finds that an advocate in the cause of morality has condescended to listen to my complaint, she may perhaps be touched with compassion: or should pity fail to move her, she will probably fear to incur your displeasure, and thus prudence may grant what maternal affection has hitherto denied.——I am, &c.

\+ LAURA.

We most sincerely sympathize with our fair correspondent, and cannot forbear to express our astonishment, that after the repeated examples of the awful consequences attendant on those discordant matches, parents should still be found unprincipled enough to promote them; and that vessels should still sail to India, freighted with female dishonour. It is probable that we shall, in our character of guardians of the public morals, at some future period enlarge upon this topic: at present we shall be content to observe, that they who can make marriage an affair of merchan-

dize, and sacrifice youth and beauty at the shrine of Indian luxury, evince themselves destitute of all honourable pride, and callous to the feelings of humanity.